

Poetry Series

**F R Wills**  
**- poems -**



PoemHunter.com

**Publication Date:**  
2022

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## F R Wills(06/12/00)

F R Wills was born in West Yorkshire and is inspired by the beautiful scenery of the Dales. She loves to write poems and short stories and to read fiction.



PoemHunter.com

# I Am

I AM

You are not entitled to comment on my body or my face.

It allows me to get from place to place.

You do not get to get to me.

I am happy with my personality.

I am me and I let the people that I trust guide me.

Not just anybody.

And certainly not someone fueled by jealousy  
and feelings of comparative inadequacy.

I am sorry if you're hurting but do self-therapy.

Do not- I repeat- do not take it out on me.

Can't you see that you're not helping yourself  
when you're just hurting me?

I once bought into the bullshit and lies-  
made myself go hungry because I hated my thighs.

But now I'm focused on being healthy  
so don't you dare criticize my body.

It makes me feel sad that I see myself in a suit  
and think that I am fat.

And though I try not to be bitter,  
You had a part in that.

But the fact is that I accept my body and validate myself.

I am valid- not because I think I am- but because it is good for my health.

F R Wills

# Bluebird

A bluebird trapped in a study:  
Women indoors when the sun goes down.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# Home

Red bricks. And windows covered with  
white paint. A rooftop of  
grey slate. It is  
a home.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# Beautiful

The strings make soft dents in my fingertips as I warm up- testing the tune C-G-D-A again  
I have cut my nails so they don't snag the strings  
My bow smells of rosin  
I am always careful not to drop my case:  
It is a fragile instrument  
I tuned it myself just an hour ago  
Had to use the pegs and replace the C string  
It wasn't slipping thankfully  
The conductor counts us in and I begin  
The resonant vibrato floods the room  
I am holding the audience captivated  
They cannot take their eyes of my hands  
Up bow, down bow  
Arco, pizz  
Crescendo to forte then dim to piano  
I'm first viola  
I have the tune but a third lower  
I pluck and bow and feel the chin rest dig into my neck, the shoulder rest  
steadying me  
It is a comfortable feeling  
I feel at home in an orchestra  
I like the way everything slots into place  
Each part sounds odd in isolation  
But together we are beautiful

F R Wills

# Try

You love a book, play, poem or production and then you study it and have to slate it. You feel passion and infatuation and feel it fade to affection, tolerance or even mild dislike. You see beauty and see it fade and wither. You love life and then begin to detest or feel apathy towards it. You love food and then you develop and recover from an eating disorder but you're not quite the same. You love doing hobbies and then your joy in them is sucked out of you or your free time is robbed. You love alone time once a day but now it is either almost all day or never at all. You love the idea of love but then someone or a news story breaks you and makes you wary of everything and everyone. You trust blindly as a child and then you grow to hold back vulnerability to protect yourself- you become defensive, not open and you repress- not just the pain but- every single good feeling you ever felt. Alcohol opens it up but we all know where that leads. Love fades and changes and you can't try to constrain the object of your love because that's not a loving act. So you must accept the fleeting nature of it. You must learn to live in a world of uncertainty where one's life is lived and died in the blink of an eye. You must accept your earthly mortality or at least you have to try.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# Rose

There is a rose in the corner of my bedroom,  
It is withering and my own blood is crusted on the thorns  
It will not let me love it, hold it, cherish it-  
It mocks me while I am here alone.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com



# Life

Life is not as simple as it seems dear  
But leaving it is not a good option  
There are times when nothing at all is clear  
You have to walk through rain to find the sun  
Somedays you might think that it is unfair  
And say that you did not ask to be born  
You'll wish you were still a child unaware  
Of how life's trials can make you feel forlorn  
But one day you'll have children of your own  
Hopefully, you will have a sidekick too  
And turn a house into a happy home  
I hope I live to see the day you do  
Until that day keep your head up my child  
Although the waves life sends our way are wild.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

## Ruth And Naomi:

The sun sets on our love-intreat me not  
to stay while stars appear above- to leave thee  
is what I must do now- or to return-  
you must allow- from following  
my meaning that I am tired- after thee for  
you said it was what you desired- wither  
you not when you hear my stance- thou goest  
but I will follow you, perchance- I will go

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# Heaven

My heaven will be a land of memories,

My heaven will be brim-full of loved ones.

My heaven will be an avenue of trees.

My heaven, singing at the top of my lungs.

Our heaven will hold all the good in the world

Our heaven will hold all the best locations

Our heaven will be true luxury unfurled

Our heaven will let us pursue vocations

His heaven will be a reward for the tests.

His heaven will prove his true benevolence.

His heaven, free of mortality and stress.

His heaven, for mankind a real renaissance.

Heaven, like hugs and spontaneous laughter-

Paradise from then and ever after.

F R Wills

# I Am Still Without You

The water cascades in a cacophony of colour-

I am without you.

The moss moulds to the rugged rocks-

I can exist without you.

There is light reflecting off aqua depths and pebbles shine like metal-

God, I miss you.

The air is full of sunlight and it caresses my skin, there is bird song in my ears-  
but I do not have you.

Or your eyes.

Or your smile.

I am alone in the most idyllic natural scene imaginable.

So why am I still empty? More numb than a void or vacuum.

There is algae thriving in the pool of water and lichen on the trees. A living  
indicator.

But I can't call this existence living.

A world without you by my side does not look colourless and bland but I am  
disillusioned with its beauty.

Beauty baffles but bottles beatify my sorrows and I cannot let go of the memory  
of you.

I am lost and willing on woe from wanting you. When wonder won't remain, what  
will?

Not you. Nor I. Or anything like the person I used to be when you thought you  
loved me.

Oblivious, the water cascades in a cacophony of colour-and

I am still without you.

F R Wills

# Just Like Me

At first school gave me identity, but it also gave me her.  
Its halls gave me a purpose, but also homophobic slurs.

The learning made me buzz with pride but then I drowned in it.  
The success made me dizzy. I struggled under the weight of the crown.  
Renown.

Nerd. Writer. Singer.  
Not pretty. Not ugly.  
Fake compliments. Teasing.

Letting people copy so they'd treat me kindly.  
Groveling and copying actions. Hers. Cruel.

Falling for her. But declaring my love for him.  
Hiding who I was and feeling like a whale in gym.

There are people who win in school and although I loved it-  
for the clubs and the education, I can't quite rise above it.

It's never the book worms or quiet ones or creative types who thrive. Unless they  
look like a model, their self esteem will not survive.

Desired and smart and allowed to be both. Unlike the poor girls sitting there and  
waiting in desperate hope.

For someone to say they're pretty or even just passable. The girls who skip lunch  
and have to wear makeup just to feel acceptable.

The girls who write poems about love rather than risking rejection.  
Who suffer under the notion they're not worthy, the deception.

The girls boys claim to have had a glow up because they couldn't see past the  
cliques and the stereotypes about Geeks.  
Girls who are just like me.

F R Wills

# Why And How?

You make my heart beat quite out of my chest.  
It is a fact that my words are cliché.  
But the truth is you're better than the rest.  
I can't express it any other way.  
Your hair is as rich as fresh brewed coffee.  
Intelligence flows in your every word.  
Not that these things all matter to me.  
Not loving you now seems to be absurd.  
There have been others who have made me smile,  
And some who caused tears to run down my cheeks.  
But I think that I have loved you for a while,  
A matter of months and not merely weeks.  
I can't really pursue these things right now,  
But I'll never forget the why and how.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# If We Could Last

I want you to wish you took the chance to love me,  
Which isn't to say that I wanted you. Not really.

I want you to curse the fact you never kissed me.  
Which is to say I want you still, though we're not meant to be.

I want you to think about me all day and every night.  
I wish that the way we'd ended things had been just and right.

I think that now I want you more than I ever did.  
Although love for another girl was something that I hid.

You have moved on and I deserve to feel the regret I do  
Because I didn't understand the way to be with you.

The fact is that I'm feeling just like Avril Lavigne  
Watching you on stage and thinking of what might have been.

I've mused on the eyes of four more girls, who weren't you  
Or even close. But the truth is you're the one who made me ache the most.

Maybe that's just 'cause you were the first to express interest in me  
Or perhaps it's that back then I obsessed about my sexuality.

Either way it is the case that you consume my mind,  
I think about you all the time and although love is blind

You've become more handsomely beautiful with the years that have passed  
And I wish I had a time machine to see if we could last.

F R Wills

# I Fell In Love With You

It was neither you nor me  
I can see that now.  
Except that I can't.  
Except that's a lie.  
You must  
accept and acknowledge  
that this is on you;  
no amount of sweet gestures  
can counteract emotional abuse.  
Manipulation. Putting me down  
to boost your own ego.  
Making me walk on eggshells  
so that you could shine  
brighter than anyone.  
And the worst thing is  
that I called that love.  
I fell in love with  
someone who was  
manipulative and controlling.  
Arrogant and unhinged,  
I fell in love with you.

F R Wills



## Lyca:

Loving losers lost Lyca's life.  
Life lost losers loving Lyca.  
Rain rose ruefully round Rosie.  
Rosie reigned ruefully round Rose.  
Loving losers ruefully lost Lyca's Rose,  
while wilful women whined and won.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# It's Never Coming Back:

Your childhood, her friendship, the lost chance of love.  
The chance to do it all again will never come.  
You have to live with it. Those were your mistakes-

It doesn't matter if your cells have replaced themselves-  
Your conscience persists regardless. You made mistakes.

Apologise, change, own that you were wrong.  
If you want to be a good person, then you are half-way there.  
You'll promise yourself not to wish away the hours  
Like you used to- then find yourself staring at the clock-  
Again.

Unconsciously wishing for time to pass, evening-  
Weekend, holiday, Birthday, Christmas.  
Suddenly a year has passed. Like it was nothing-

And though you experienced it in real time,  
It's distorted now. Your intrusive thoughts focus on the bad.  
Your ego emphasises the good. The truth? Somewhere in between.

But it's never coming back.  
So, stop saying you've regrets.  
They are futile. Just do better.

It's never coming back.  
Your childhood  
Her friendship  
Your 'soulmate' is gone.  
And the chance to do it all again...will simply never come.

F R Wills

# Whom The Queen Adores:

The corset's bones dug into her abdomen as she sentenced him to death,  
Her favourite- the courtier that she had loved and lost, she had to do it.  
He had to die. But she remembered the tokens, the kisses and flowers.  
Courtly love, no more. But not less either. She couldn't bear it. So she focused

On the bones of her corset. Did this make her no better than her father?  
Sentencing a lover scorned for a supposed betrayal, an unfounded accusation.  
And now she had lost two she loved to the power of the royal sentence to death.  
So she focused on her corset and her furs and her lead clogged pores.

This was commonplace. This was the way. Better to have lost him than have him  
betray her and mock her. He was a traitor. But she would never love another  
man, he was the only man for her. Don't pity, All was not lost for the red haired  
empress! To lose the only man you loved is not to lose love entirely. And

Lust? She had never felt it for the man. Was it worth sharing her power for a  
mere emotional bond? Feelings flutter and then fly away. Why should she give it  
up for him? Or any he at all? But her lady in waiting, with the spun gold hair and  
lips as red as the sky at night when the shepherds have means to rejoice.

She

Would be worth risking it all. So she took her into her life, and she kissed sweet  
kisses across her brow, but never her lips. She stopped at the lips. Knowing that  
she would break apart and let her soul be consumed, if she so much as brushed  
those rubies. She focuses on her corset, and her lead clogged pores.

For it is sinful. Whom the Queen adores.

F R Wills

## Loss:

Just when I thought that I had processed your loss, and comprehended a world  
without you in it,  
On the tears came. And I can't believe you're gone. It's  
Entirely surreal that someone who was such a huge  
Part of my life, my childhood, could just be gone.  
Although we'd drifted apart, I always thought we'd speak again someday.  
Last year I'd refer to you in passing and it wouldn't make me cry- but now it's  
Useless trying to hold back the tears as it would only render me numb.  
More than anything, I wish that I'd swallowed my pride, and said hi when we  
passed  
But hindsight is a fine thing, that no one can hope to possess at the time.  
On the years will go. But I will never be whole again, now that my first ever  
friend has gone.

F R Wills



PoemHunter.com

# Whenever You Fall:

Our culture emphasises sexual freedom.  
There's a lack of exclusivity and a fear  
Of the word love. But that's not healthy.

If you can feel love, which not everyone can  
You shouldn't stunt it out of fear  
That your heart will be broken. It will anyway.

Lovers come and go but you should always  
Be able to remember the heart racing,  
Skin tingling excitement of the fall.

If all you have at the end of it all,  
Are a string of hook-ups and heartless  
Text exchanges. No photographs,  
No feelings. Then what was it all for?

In the past, there was a restriction on  
Love. It was seen as something frivolous  
And not something to pursue. But the  
Human mind cannot be chained to that  
So- people had mistresses, lovers,  
Ran away with the footman.

Because love doesn't stay quiet  
For long. But our society glorifies  
Celebrity romances and yet  
Promotes a work life that  
Won't allow for love.

Love is seen as fleeting,  
A honeymoon stage and then  
You settle into domestic life.

Love shouldn't be boring,  
Although now familiar.  
Love shouldn't be cautious  
And held back, commitment phobic.

What is the point of a label  
A ring, a home and a family  
If it is not grounded in a  
Beautiful and precious love?

I'm asking. I'm asking  
Because I had to fight my  
Own demons to even  
Get to this stage and now  
I'm supposed to be  
Casual.

When my entire  
Life has been a lead up  
To the first time I truly  
Felt another's soul  
Collide with mine  
In perfect harmony.

People say that love is dead,  
But it's not killed by clichés.  
Instead it's the cynics who find it  
All so nauseating because they think it shameful.  
They call real love co-dependent. As all they feel is liking.

If you miss someone when they're gone,  
It's called caring. And it's what love is.  
I think we all need a healthy dose of hope  
And idealism before we fall into a pit of  
Settling for less than perfection.

Love takes work so own that,  
And don't run to the hills at the first hurdle.  
Once you grow up, you'll know that  
Distance wasn't the problem but weak love.

Any love that fades, didn't burn bright enough to start with.  
In an equal love, there should be no need to forgive.  
A love based on looks is not a love at all.  
So be careful, but also hopeful, whenever you fall.



## Where I'd Never Lived Before:

It had been overwhelming, the door as a barrier, a barricade  
Between me and the sea of new faces. I'm an introvert-  
prefer small groups. School was easier as it was classes,  
tutor groups, choir and orchestra. Then theatre companies  
and writers group and even volunteering. But this was new  
and although I'd been at UEA and made friends there- a  
summer school felt different to the real, immersed experience.

Flu, or just a bad cold really and not being able to sing  
like I had back home- at the top of my lungs  
except at choir but even then, it was restricted.  
Writing, of an evening but missing the squash and  
biscuits and Christchurch from back home.

Sitting in lectures and suddenly feeling empty  
because I'd never be back there again; at  
Ilkley Grammar School. It's not that I wanted to  
retake exams-no. But the teachers, the hallways-  
my friends. I missed it all. I didn't think I'd miss

so much about Ilkley or being somewhere where  
the majority can pronounce scone correctly.  
The Language Lecture touched on the supper, dinner  
conflict but we all call it 'tea'. It's as if I'm all at sea

But I'm not far from the shore. There's land ahoy  
and I'm beginning to rediscover joy. It will take  
time and I will never learn not to miss Ilkley Moor.  
But I'm learning to love a place where I'd never lived before.

F R Wills



# The Soldier's Heart

The feel of mud under my feet  
Still takes me back there.  
To the screaming, sirens  
And the earth shaking throbbing.

Of my heart.

You see all that I could focus on,  
Against the brown of the battle field-  
were his eyes.  
His blue eyes were a beacon.

It seems insane that I'd fall  
in love in the midst of a battle.  
But they were all I could live for;  
His bright blue eyes.

And I think it was them,  
That I saw- closed finally.  
On the beige, muddled stretcher.  
But I'm still searching for him.

I see him grow old without me.  
So I stopped caring.  
I threw myself on that mine;  
and now I see him.

He's married, got kids.  
But he takes out my  
Photograph- and weeps.  
That's when I hold him,

In my transparent arms,  
Kiss him again.  
My boy with the blue eyes.  
And the soldier's heart.



# Helpless

Sitting there helpless,  
'cause there's nothing  
you can do.  
When they're crying.

Wanting to stop  
Those silent tears,  
wrap them up;  
In loving arms.

Shaking with laughter;  
But their cheeks  
Are wet. It hurts  
and I can't help.

Useless-what kind  
of person are you?  
Can't help them,  
Can't even hold them.

So you clench your fists.  
Make yourself busy.  
Wishing to tell them,  
How perfect they are.

In your eyes.  
They can be so strong,  
but crumble at  
the slightest thing.

And all you want to do,  
Is scream and shout.  
Make them stop,  
'cause they're tearing you apart.

Sitting there helpless,  
Because there's nothing  
you can do  
To heal them.



# Rolling Ocean Waves:

Isolation,  
some would say  
Is blissful,  
like rolling ocean waves.

But when you are the boat,  
With white sails stretching  
To the sky.  
You only want to dock.

In a familiar harbour,  
or secret cove.  
To be surrounded by,  
sandy beaches or pebbles.

For trees to shade you,  
From sunrays.  
That would fade,  
Your paintwork.

All you want is a forest,  
To be among those  
You were stolen from.  
Not rolling on ocean waves.

Because that is bliss,  
In a familiar harbour.  
Surrounded by friends,  
far from rolling ocean waves.

F R Wills

# A Mark That Can't Be Erased-

When thoughts can be punished and history  
Changed with a few hastily typed alterations  
What is existence? Why does war matter  
If it is a perpetually occurring event?

If the world believes four is five  
Then is it? What is history but  
Pages in a textbook and centuries  
Old skeletons? - conjecture is all

We have as proof. No fossils can  
Provide the concrete evidence we  
Crave. So we trust. Did we not believe  
That Boudica was called Boadicea?

And did that change the fact that she  
Died fighting for our country? But  
Boadicea has ceased to exist. Just as  
The dinosaurs who have been found

To be two halves jumbled together  
Have ceased to exist. But the question is  
If we believed them to exist then do they?  
Is existence in memories and the mind

Enough? To be the sole enlightened person  
In a society is insanity. So what is morality?  
Who are we to distinguish right from wrong?  
Left from right? A colourblind person would

swear that blue is red. And what I think  
Is green is different to what you think  
How strange that makes our art teachers.  
When they say mix this colour or that.

If in the end, you can be erased from the world  
With simply the burning of a few documents  
You know you have not lived, only existed.  
So make your mark, a mark that's impossible

to erase. Because every life should be  
remembered. We may only be cogs in a  
Vast machine. But we are individuals. We  
Are entitled to our thoughts and feelings.

When thoughts can be punished and history  
Changed with a few hastily typed alterations  
What is existence? Why does war matter  
If it is a perpetually occurring event?

If in the end, you can be erased from the world  
With simply the burning of a few documents  
You know you have not lived, only existed.  
So make a mark that's impossible to erase.

F R Wills

# Speciation Is Cyclical

Just as surface area increases and  
So the surface area to volume ratio  
Increases. I feel the heat flow  
Out of me when I see your eyes

They say natural selection could  
Explain your eyes. Perhaps some  
Ancestor we share had eyes  
That did not resemble our own

These would have prevented  
This ancient's ability to get  
What he needed- mates,  
Food, territory. Out competed

And dead. Survival of the fittest.  
And yet, no science can explain  
The heavy yet light feeling  
That fills my stomach when I see you.

Just as animals who live in harsh  
Conditions have thicker skin  
I have gained one due to the  
Pain they have caused me

Body fat they need makes me feel  
Ugly. Not insulation, but lack of  
Exercise. My insulating coat is  
My parka. My camouflage is contouring

To hide from the predators. Or the prey?  
Or maybe I'm more like the desert cacti  
Spikes to stop water loss through  
Transpiration or tears?

Stops the predators. My body  
Can't store the water that spills  
Over my eyelids somehow,  
When I am sad but is just excess



The only extensive root system that I have  
Is my family, not bringing water  
Sometimes helping retain, otherwise  
The reason for it's spilling.

Perhaps I've become adapted  
For a specific feature of my life  
Are the walls I have built my thorns?  
My shy glances away nothing

Like the warning symbols or  
The poison of the natural  
World. No, I warn them away  
With my words or lack of them.

There was no lichen  
To warn of the level  
Of pollution in our love  
I needed to have a living

Indicator of your sulphur  
Dioxide lies. Invertebrate  
Animals were not there  
When you kissed me with

Your eyes open. Testing for  
oxygen level even as I gasped  
For breath. Or perhaps it was the  
Non living indicators - temperature

Of your skin against mine. The  
oxygen level between our lips  
The rainfall of our tears muddying  
Our love. Evolving romance between

Us turned to nothing. Survival of the  
Fittest. I know that genes gave us  
The varied characteristics, but science  
Got it right when it mutated to form

The humans we are. Completely

Different in species to our simpler  
Ancestors. Natural selection  
Because of variation and

Competition. Just as I competed  
For your attention and craved  
Your varied smiles. Darwin.  
Rapid changes that occurred

Due to our change of environment.  
Mutated but still perfect. Separated  
So we both varied to different environments  
Eventually through natural selection

We grew too distant, too changed  
Different species now. Even if we met  
Our love would only come to nothing  
- a barren love that could bring nothing.

If only I could have fossilised  
The look in your eyes  
But love is soft and doesn't  
Preserve well. Weathering

From another girl's lips. Not  
Even the claws and bones of  
The arguments remain, they've  
Been replaced by the minerals

Of the mascara that runs down  
My face as I let myself cry.  
Not even a rootless trace  
Or a footprint of our love remains.

Destroyed by the geological activity  
Or was it the chemistry between you  
That made you forget our history?  
But maybe that's how life developed

Betraying the past for the sake of  
The future. A future with her. Not me.  
Our love is gone now. Lost. Passion

Had long been extinguished. Extinct.

Changes over geographical time  
Or her eyes, distance between us.  
Survival of the fittest. Doubt spread  
Like a disease with no vaccination.

Love couldn't survive the new predator.  
She was a more successful predator  
A catastrophic event, I could not call it  
And yet, ever so slowly, I lost you

Our love died. It was no volcanic  
Eruption. There was no asteroid.  
Only her. Only you and I but not  
Us, separated. Speciation is

Cyclical. Two populations -  
Separated. A divide between our  
Love. Not only empty sheets. But  
A mountain range, a river.

Genetic variation and the  
Natural selection that I could  
Not win through competition.  
Alleles favoured her and not me

Nature selected her for you.  
Now we couldn't love successfully  
We have become far too different.  
Almost different species. Extinct.

F R Wills

# Turquoise Ocean Depths

Water floods your senses  
And you float off into dreams  
The feeling of it- smooth against skin  
Lulls you to sleep and you slip away

Waves roll over you  
As you lie there  
Hair flowing like seaweed  
Behind you - drifting with the current

You dive down  
And feel the sandy seabed  
Your ears pop and your eyes sting  
But you must stay under

Flashes of red and silver  
Swim into your vision  
and sea shells  
Brush your feet

The constant fear of  
The deeper blue  
And creatures  
With sharp teeth and fins

But you still swim out  
Not knowing whether  
You want to  
Reach the cliffs

Or touch the horizon  
But you keep swimming  
Feeling the tension  
As you push through heavy water

And as you  
Come up for air  
The sting of the sun  
and salt is glorious

And you feel  
Like a mermaid or siren  
In the turquoise  
Ocean depths

Waves roll over you  
As you lie there  
Hair flowing like seaweed  
Behind you- drifting with the current

Water floods your senses  
And you float off into dreams  
The feeling of it - smooth against skin  
Lulls you to sleep and you slip away

Not knowing whether you want to  
Reach the cliffs or touch the horizon

F R Wills

# Photographs As Personality

I've been told  
He'd bounce me  
on his knee

Laughing and talking  
But not understanding  
A word  
Or so he'd said

I wished for so long  
That I would remember  
That I saw photographs  
As personality

But I never knew  
Him, I never saw him  
First year of school  
And he was gone.

I was just a toddler  
How could I have  
Remembered? And yet  
I hate her for forgetting

For letting those  
Moments slip through  
Her tiny mind  
Thinking Grandad would

Always be there  
I grew so numb  
That I'd forgotten  
The tears as I stood

At the gravestone  
Getting the water,  
Freezing cold  
As it splashed back

 PoemHunter.com

At me  
But I was numb  
Not with cold  
Then I cried

Because I had  
Nothing. To look  
Back on  
No way of grieving

I guess I'd never  
Noticed the hole  
In my life  
Then I was bringing

In the washing  
Carefully, removing  
Each peg  
And I realised

That he'd chosen  
The house just for  
The garden.  
I looked over at the swings

That I played on  
As a child  
Or the wood  
We'd burned in the

Garden, lugging branches  
In lopsided wheelbarrows  
Over hopscotch stones  
In uncut grass and the willow tree

That was cut each time.  
The shuttlecock  
Got stuck in it  
In a badminton game, once

He played badminton  
We'd been throwing stones

With the rackets  
In lake Windermere

And the glare I'd got  
That's when I knew  
How great a man  
He must have been

I came in from  
The garden  
With its daisies  
That hid nettles

And said  
I should have  
Known him  
He should have

Been a part of my life  
Birthdays  
Christmas  
Everything he's missed

And I never even  
Got to speak to him  
Barely met him  
And my mum

She just nodded  
And I felt  
For the first time  
The gap in my life

I've been told  
He'd bounce me  
on his knee

Laughing and talking  
But not understanding  
A word  
Or so he'd said



I wished for so long  
That I would remember  
That I saw photographs  
As personality

F R Wills

# Bubbles Fill Our World

We must remember that we are nothing  
Compared to stars, we are just a speck  
And that's calming as we move steadily on our course  
Like the planets orbiting a ball of gas and dust

We oft' forget the worlds  
That surround us- seeming  
As they do to be interwoven with  
Ours and yet they are so distant from us

Microcosms are everyday life  
For most as they wake surrounded  
By familiar faces, the same old town - view  
Never changing like the sea as it crashes on stretching sands

Some claim to be the centre of  
The universe and while improbable  
It's easy to believe it when, in your eyes  
The world does seem to revolve around you

Bubbles fill our world  
Houses of stone and mortar  
That enclose sleeping loved ones  
Or the planets orbiting a ball of gas and dust

We must remember that we are nothing  
Compared to stars, we are just a speck and that's calming  
Like watching the sea move eternally and feeling small in comparison  
It's easy to forget worries or fears if you think wider, nothing really matters at all

We oft' forget the worlds  
That surround us- seeming  
By familiar faces, the same old town - view  
To be ours and yet they are so distant from us

Some claim to be the centre of  
The universe and while improbable  
Microcosms are everyday life  
For most as they wake surrounded by familiar faces.

We must remember that we are nothing  
Compared to stars, we are just a speck and that's calming  
Like watching the sea move eternally and feeling small in comparison  
It's easy to forget worries or fears if you think wider, nothing really matters at all

We must remember that we are nothing  
Compared to stars, we are just a speck  
And that's calming as we move steadily on our course  
Like the planets orbiting a ball of gas and dust

We must remember that we are nothing  
Compared to stars, we are just a speck  
And that's calming as we move steadily on our course  
Nothing really matters at all.

F R Wills

# Seas Of Silence

Nothing  
You can hear nothing  
Nothing but the blood  
Pumping through your ears

And the slow drumbeat  
That is your pulse  
You become acutely aware  
Of everything around you

Every creak, every footstep  
Is amplified  
So that it fills you  
Echoing through your senses

Your eyes are sealed shut  
And it's as if the world  
Has closed in on you  
Is orbiting around you

And it's cold  
Silence - is cold  
Like a vacuum  
And there is nothing

And you are nothing  
In the darkness-  
Just a body  
Curled up into a ball

Silence filling you  
Up to the head  
With nothing  
With everything

Because silence  
Just accentuates  
Every other sense  
And you can feel the world

As it spins around you  
It never makes a sound  
But in the slow drumbeat  
Of the blood in your veins

There is a noise  
And it's so quiet  
But compared to the silence  
It's a symphony

There is nothing more beautiful  
Than the sound of the blood  
Pumping through you -  
It sounds like the ocean

Someone once told me you can hear the sea  
In conch shells  
But it's the blood

Rushing through your ears  
It sounds like waves  
Swooshing around  
Filling your senses

Tides of silence  
Wash over you  
And the undertow  
Drags you into space

And you are alone  
With your thoughts  
And the silence  
And your heartbeat

'Wake up' they say  
And you float  
On seas of silence  
Back to sound

F R Wills

# Hope Is Just A Word; That Melody Makes My Spirits Soar

The gunshots still ring;  
Like sirens wailing  
Inside my mind  
They fill my senses

The sound takes me back  
To the shrapnel  
And churned up mud  
Of the battle field

My throat burns  
At the memory  
Of myself, shouting:  
Until my throat was raw

No use,  
They couldn't hear me  
And then I felt it  
Like a bubble bursting

Suddenly everything stopped  
The world kept spinning  
We kept charging  
And all I could hear was the gunshot

The gunshots still ring;  
Like sirens wailing  
Inside my mind  
They fill my senses

When I came home,  
I skipped the celebrations  
They sent the medal in the post  
It's lost in some drawer or other

I lost it all

And they gave me this  
This scrap of metal  
Carved with a name that I barely recognise

I lock myself away  
From friends; family  
No one can see me  
Like this

The gas burned my throat  
Flames that licked  
My voice -box  
Leaving it dry

When I try to speak  
It comes out like I'm coughing  
Every breath I take-  
Catches in my throat

I used to sing  
I sometimes wander down  
The twisting alleyways  
Of my memories and hear my favourite song

Or at least  
I think that I do  
It's only faint,  
But the tune is so familiar -

That it could be nothing else  
It fills me to the head  
With morning sunrises  
And glistening snow

Hope is a word  
That I have long given up on-  
But that melody,  
Makes my spirits soar

And anything seems possible-  
I'm back there

Next to the record player  
Just letting the notes wash over me

I bask in them  
Like they are sunrays  
Warming my soul-  
Pulling out of practice lips into a smile

I try to reach out-  
To grasp the notes,  
Hear them  
Feel hope again

So, I go -  
To the record player  
And I put on my song  
And let it spin

It turns and turns,  
So constant-  
That it's comforting  
And I feel my body sway

I can't hear the beat,  
But in that movement-  
That constant turning,  
Somehow- I can feel the rhythm

And I open my mouth  
And I'm singing  
And my lungs are on fire  
But I don't care

I have to stop-  
To drink-  
But I start again  
And suddenly I can hear it

I can hear my voice  
And for once, the sound  
Of gunshots and sirens-



Fades to silence

Replaced by the melody;  
Replaced by hope,  
I find the medal -  
It may be just a scrap of metal:

But it's hope  
And I just sang again,  
And the silence-  
That deafening silence-

Is finally over  
Hope is just a word,  
But that melody  
Makes my spirits soar.

F R Wills

# Christmas Is Not Christmas..

Christmas is not christmas  
When you are alone  
Christmas is not christmas  
Without a family or a home

Christmas is just a day  
Another gruelling day  
When you are under threat  
And those you love have gone away

Christians all around the earth  
Are facing fear and disease  
Not thinking of the birth  
Christmas Day is lost to these

Everyone deserves to be happy  
At the best time of the year  
Don't bomb people at christmas  
Don't make them feel fear

It wasn't them who did it  
Not these innocents that lay  
Craving a peaceful 24 hours  
For their christmas day

Christmas is not christmas  
When you are alone  
Christmas is not christmas  
Without family or a home

F R Wills

# On Your Doorstep

The heather whistled in the wind  
The waterfall crashed over the rocks  
The sound of children's voices rang  
The flag flew in the soft wind

The cottage stood strong  
Windows thrown open in welcome  
A thin trail of smoke rose from the chimney  
The roses climbed the walls

Girls ran in the meadow  
Daisy chains around their necks  
White cotton skirts flowing  
Bare feet wet with dew

A regiment came to the town  
They mentioned a war  
They called it the Great War  
They said they needed help

They called for men to fight  
No one came  
They asked again  
No one came

They went back to their homes  
Never thinking of it again  
That was until they came  
With their loaded guns

Boots trampled the mud  
The mud is all that is left  
The grass decimated by tanks  
The river bed stands dry

The flag is trodden into the mud  
Only a hint of blue can be seen  
The meadow is a barren battle field  
The Daisies all are gone

The cottage stands in ruin  
It's walls burnt to the ground  
The only faint memory  
A singed rose petal

They'd called for men to fight  
No one came  
They'd asked again  
No one came

F R Wills

# Life After Love

I don't love you  
I swear It everyday  
The words are natural  
As your name once was on my lips

I used to worship your every word  
Follow you with misty eyes  
Smile at the sound of your voice  
Obsession

Jealousy burning  
Crazed confusion  
Do I wish for you  
Or just wish you alone?

Do my feelings still remain?  
Or are the butterflies just remnants  
Of forgotten summer days?  
When loving flew on the breeze

I still pair your name  
with I love you  
I still compare your name  
With mine

To you I compare everyone  
Perfect?  
'The one'  
was I blind?

Blissful dreams  
Filled with you  
Singing me sweet love songs  
Holding me in your arms

What is love?  
The pain that burns you  
When alone  
confusion?

Is love eternal  
Or just a game  
Is faith a show?  
Always played the same

perilous perfection  
Wasted smiles  
flying is just falling slowly  
True love always leaves you lonely

F R Wills